

The Crittenden Press.

VOL. 28.

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, NOVEMBER 8, 1906.

NUMBER 24.

BECKHAM AND HAGER LOOK LIKE WINNERS

MAY TAKE OFFICIAL COUNT IN SENATOR'S RACE.

Hendrick Wins his Race for Attorney-General and Winfrey Wins for State School Superintendent.

PARIS FOR REPRESENTATIVE

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 7th.
7:20 p.m. PRESS, Marion:

Beckham's majority will exceed 5,000; Hager's 30,000.

MOTT AYERS.

The returns from the democratic primary held in the state Tuesday are not yet complete enough to give us a picture in the different races, but the reports are sufficient to show that the following are the nominees:

U. S. Senator—J. C. W. Beckham. Very small majority and complete returns may change result.

Governor—S. W. Hager.

Attorney General—John K. Hendrick.

Superintendent of Public Instruction—M. O. Winfrey.

Commissioner of Agriculture—J. E. Newman.

Lieutenant Governor—South Trimble.

Secretary of State—Hubert Vreeland.

Auditor—Henry M. Bosworth.

State Treasurer—Ruby Balfour.

Clerk of Court of Appeals—John B. Chenuau.

The last five named had no opponents.

In Crittenden county the election passed off quietly. Beckham and Hager carried both this county and Livingston. A tabulated report of the vote is given elsewhere.

Incomplete returns from the State of New York, where there was a hard fight, indicate that Hughes, republican, has defeated Heastie, democrat, for governor, by a very small majority.

Vanhoosier—Woods

Miss Naomi Vanhoosier and Mr. J. Woods, of the Shady Grove station, were married Saturday evening by Judge Blackburn at the court house in the presence of a large crowd. The bride is the daughter of R. W. Vanhoosier, one of that representative citizens of that section of the county. The groom is well known and promising young man and well liked by all who know him.

Last Warning.

To the taxpayers who have not yet paid their taxes take notice that on the 15th day of November (the present month) warrants will be issued for all unpaid tax in compliance with the law in such cases, made and provided and at the cost of said delinquent. J. E. PIANARY, S. C. C.

Go to Indian Territory.

E. W. Moore, of Repton, Cal Towery, Jas. McConnell, Hodge McCullough, Joe Brown, John McCullough and Henry Towery of Shady Grove, and Mrs. Virgie Roberts, of Blackford, all left Monday night for Ponca, Indian Territory, where they will invest in lands and town lots.

Well Known Here.

William C. Ellis, the Paducah optometrist, who has been in Riverside hospital for several days ill of pneumonia is improving rapidly and has been removed to the home of his

daughter, Mrs. William Hughes, 1627 Jegerson street.—News-Democrat.

Public Sale.

I will on Saturday, 17th day of November at the residence of J. W. Cook, deceased, offer for sale to the best bidder the following property: 1 horse, 3 tons of hay, 1 lot of corn, 1 binder, 1 wheat drill and farming tools of all kinds. All sums over \$5.00 on credit of 12 months. Under that amount cash in hand.

J. F. COOK, Adm'r.

FREDONIA AND KELSEY.

Lost, strayed or stolen, one white female bird dog. Has dark brown ears and brown over right eye, about two years old. I will pay \$5.00 for her return to me at Kelsey, Ky.

HERBERT BUTLER

Miss Leah Wilborn and Mrs. Cavender, of Marion, were guests of Mrs. John Ray Sunday.

S. H. Cassidy, of Dyersburg, was here several days last week.

Prof. E. A. Fox gave a stereoptician lecture at the C. P. church Saturday night on the land of Palestine.

Rev. Miller was in Paducah several days last week.

J. M. McChesney and wife, of Marion, were guests of W. E. Cox and family last week.

Dr. Moore and wife, of Crider, attended church here Sunday.

Will S. Rice and wife have returned from Europe and gone to housekeeping in their elegant country home, "The Gables," near town.

Ellis Easley, of St. Louis, was visiting his parents here last week.

Flour only 50 cents per sack.

BENNET & SONS.

Sam McElroy and wife spent Sunday with Wm. Martin and family, of Livingston county.

Tom Ordway is having a dwelling house built. Frank Ackridge, of Marion, is doing the work.

Rev. M. E. Miller is assisting Rev. Larine in a meeting at Caldwell Springs.

Rice Bros. & Dollar are buying a big lot of tobacco.

We have just received a big bill of shoes from the Brown Shoe Co. We can please you in price and goods.

BENNET & SONS

Miss Katie Yates entertained a few friends Friday night in honor of Miss Mamie Watkins, of Mayfield, who was her guest last week.

Vote in Democratic Primary,

Tuesday, Nov. 6, 1906.

PRECINCTS	SENATE		GOVERNOR		ATTORNEY		SUP'D C.		COM'G AG.		REPRESENTATIVE	
	Hager	Hays	Beckham	Blodgett	Carter	Gallion	Wiseley	Recession	Fariss	Parmer	Newman	Paris
Station No. 1	21	18	18	18	17	20	18	21	21	18	18	18
2	21	18	21	18	17	20	18	21	21	18	18	18
3	10	18	14	14	10	18	14	18	18	14	14	14
4	16	18	14	14	16	18	14	18	18	14	14	14
5	16	18	10	10	27	14	14	18	18	10	10	10
6	23	26	18	18	14	14	14	18	18	10	10	10
7	16	18	10	10	16	18	14	18	18	10	10	10
8	16	18	10	10	16	18	14	18	18	10	10	10
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38	16	18	10	10	16	18	14	18	18	10	10	10
39	16	18	10	10	16	18	14	18	18	10	10	10
40	16	18	10	10	16	18	14	18	18	10	10	10
41	16	18	10	10	16	18	14	18	18	10	10	10
42	16	18	10	10	16	18	14	18				

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

SEVEN SPRINGS.

(Crowded out Last Week)
Sorghum making is about through in this community.

Miss Effie Butler, of Emmaus, attended the protracted meeting here and visited her relatives at this place.

Mrs. Fannie Travis, of Emmaus, attended the protracted meeting here and visited her daughter, Mrs. Polk, at Marion last week.

Pep guns were heard here during the meeting. Boys, this is liable to get some one in trouble.

Mrs. H. G. Howard, of Emmaus, attended church here Thursday and visited her son, Edgar Howard, of this place.

The pumpkin crop in this section is the finest for years.

John Potter has been suffering from a carbuncle on his arm for two weeks.

John Campbell, of this place, has bought Jim Glass' place near Dry Bushing.

Elige Brasher, of Caldwell Springs, was visiting Burnie Patton Friday.

Eggs are a good price now—25 cents a dozen.

Miss Lizzie Kingsolving, of Emmaus, visited her friends and relatives here the past week.

Elder Griffith assisted greatly in the meeting here with his vocal music.

Protracted meeting closed at this place Thursday night. The results of the meeting were five professions of faith in Christ and four additions to the church. Rev. Kingsolving and Rev. Sumness did some excellent preaching and the Christian people were seemingly greatly revived, but for some cause unknown the unconverted were unmoved. The Baptizing took place Friday by the Rev. J. C. Kingsolving.

Misses Nellie, May, and Marian Davis, of Emmaus, attended the meeting at this place.

Little Collin Patton has been sick the past two weeks.

Several from this place are attending the meeting at Pinkneyville.

MATTUOON.

(Left From Last Week.)

J. R. Summersville was in Evansville Monday and Tuesday and heard W. J. Bryan Monday night. Mrs. Summersville accompanied him.

T. J. Woods was out peddling beefsteaks as usual.

Baker school house is nearing completion and when completed will be one of the nicest if not the nicest school house in the county.

If you want bargains in shoes bought before the advance in leather call on J. R. Summersville. He carries a full and complete line of everything found in a general store and they were bought to sell, not to keep.

G. D. Summersville and wife attended church at Sugar Grove Saturday and Sunday.

All the tobacco in before frost and snow cured up and ready for the tobacco buyer to come around and say, "Your tobacco is too large and yours is too small". You know they always have some fault to find so as

Is It Your Own Hair?

Do you pin your hair to your own hair? Can't do it? Haven't enough hair? It must be you do not know Ayer's Hair Vigor! Here's an introduction! May the acquaintance result in a heavy growth of rich, thick, glossy hair! And you know you'll never be gray.

"I thank Ayer's Hair Vigor to the most wonderful thing that was ever made. I have used it for some time and I can truthfully say that I am greatly pleased with it. I cheerfully recommend it to all who are in a position to buy it."—Miss V. Brown, Wayland, Mich.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also Manufacturers of
Ayer's
Sarsaparilla
Mills
Cherry Pectoral

to pull the poor old farmer down on his price.

RODNEY.

(Left From Last Week.)

H. L. Sullivan went to Marion Monday and got a load of flour.

J. W. Belt was in Marion Saturday.

Mrs. D. H. King and Mrs. B. L. Phillips went to see Aunt Nancy Hughes Tuesday evening. She is an aged lady afflicted with the dropsy.

Tom McKinley, of near Gladstone, happened to a misfortune Saturday evening while gathering corn. A limb fell on him crushing his shoulder blade.

Mrs. D. H. King and son, Ramsey, went to church at Weston Saturday. Guthrie Travis took his choir of Bell's Mines to Weston Sunday and rendered some sweet music.

A Lucky Postmistress

Is Mrs. Alexander of Gary, Me., who has had Dr. King's New Life Pill to be the best remedy she ever tried for keeping the stomach lively and healthy in perfect order. You agree with her if you try these painless powders that cause new life. Guaranteed by Woods & Drane Drug Co., Worcester.

Underground Waters of Western Kentucky.

A valuable and interesting discussion of the underground water resources of Kentucky west of Tennessee river is contained in water supply and irrigation paper No. 164, just issued by the United States Geological Survey. The investigations made by the hydrographic branch of the geological survey show that in western Kentucky the underground water resources are largely dependent on the local rainfall. The springs and shallow wells derive their supplies exclusively from the rain falling in their immediate vicinity, while the rocks from which the deep wells obtain waters are supplied by the rain that falls within the state or in the area just west of Mississippi river. In only a few cases do deep wells pierce the hard rocks that lie beneath the soft sand and clays. In water supply paper No. 164, which may be obtained on application to the director of the United States Geological Survey at Washington, D. C., are discussed the general conditions that govern the occurrence of water in wells and the relation of the geology of the region to the supply of underground water.

These general discussions are followed by detailed descriptions that show the water conditions in each county, the depth at which water may be obtained and the height to which it rises without pumping.

Layne & Leavel, the main buyers, will be in Marion Monday, November 13—county court day.

DR. F. S. STILLWELL

Successor to R. J. Morris

DENTIST

Plate Work a Specialty

Office over Marion Bank.

MARION KENTUCKY

"It Didn't Hurt a Bit"

\$100,000,000 IN FRISCO BUILDINGS

Many Structures Have Risen During These Past Six Months.

San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 7.—Almost \$100,000,000 has been expended in the construction of new buildings in the Greater San Francisco since the day, six months ago, the city was laid in ruins. And in place of the structures that were destroyed others are rising of stone and steel and concrete. Never in any city has there been the amount of building carried on that there has here in the past week. One thousand more men were put to work simply to clear the streets, and many thousands are toiling on the new buildings.

Julius Caesar

Was a man of nerve but sickly, etc., and he became aged before his time. Sickness is often caused by a torpid liver. Herbs will regulate your liver and give you health. Mrs. Carrie Austin, Holton, Kansas, writes: "Consider Herbs the best medicine I ever heard of. I am never without it." Sold by Woods & Drane.

Repton Meeting.

A ten day's meeting at Repton church closed Tuesday night. On Oct. 30. It was conducted by the pastor, Rev. W. B. Brooks, who did all the preaching. To say he did earnest, faithful, zealous work would be speaking truthfully. There was no manifestation of the spirit in converting power yet it may be as broad cast upon the waters, gathered together not many days hence. There was one thing certain, good seed were sown and if it fails to bring forth fruit it will be because it fell upon bad ground. On Sunday, Oct. 24th, seven were baptized in Brushy Fork creek. Notwithstanding it was a cold day a large crowd assembled to witness the scene, which was a beautiful one. The candidates bravely waded in to obey the command of the Lord, typical of a death, burial and resurrection. Four joined the church by letter that day. The last night of the meeting the pastor requested all the members to meet him at the next regular church session on Saturday before the fourth Sunday in November at 10 a. m. Brethren and sisters, make it a point to come.

The Lord's business needs attention.

A Member

Make good
Don't trust to luck
Sit over just a little bit

Impoverished Soil

Impoverished soil, like impoverished blood, needs a proper fertilizer. A chemist by analyzing the soil can tell you what fertilizer to use for different products.

If your blood is impoverished your doctor will tell you what you need to fertilize it and give it the rich, red corpuscles that are lacking in it. It may be you need a tonic, but more likely you need a concentrated fat food, and fat is the element lacking in your system.

There is no fat food that is so easily digested and assimilated as

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil

It will nourish and strengthen the body when milk and cream fail to do it. Scott's Emulsion is always the same, always palatable and always beneficial where the body is wasting from any cause, either in children or adults.

We will send you a sample free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of kind you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE
CHEMISTS
609 Pearl St., New York

50c and \$1.00,
All Druggists.

HORSE SENSE.

Make good
Don't trust to luck
Sit over just a little bit
Plan your work, then work your plan

Self-confidence is a genuine business asset.

A steady average is better than an occasional exception.

Do it now if it has to be done at all. Otherwise forget it.

Everything comes to him who lets the other fellow do the waiting.

A life is to be known by its outgo rather than by its income.

A pessimist is one who can see only the hole in the doughnut.

Here's to the prosperity of every man who puts on a little extra load of steam when necessary.

Luck is ever waiting for nothing to turn up. Labor with keen eyes and strong will will turn up something. Luck is in bed and wishes the pessimist would drag him the maws of a bogey. Luck turns out at six o'clock and with easy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competitor. Luck whistles labor whistles. Luck relies on chance labor on character. Children

Young Man Passed out of This World.

Wesley Heron Phillips son of Mack Phillips of the Tazewell Co. died at Wellman, Ia., Oct. 24th, in his 21st year. He had been invalid for a number of years, probably owing to weak lungs. He was born Aug. 11, 1884, and while he was therefore but 21 years old, he professed religion two years earlier, while he was in North Carolina for his health and joined the church there. He was buried at Harrison Thursday. Rev. R. D. Rogers officiating.



CLOTHES THAT LAST!

are the clothes to buy. Few men can afford more than two suits a year, then why not get a suit that will last. To be sure you want proper style, but see that it's built on a firm foundation of good inside, unseen parts or the style won't last long. Schwab Clothes are made to wear as well as they look. See our great values at \$15. None better in all this wide world.

M'CONNELL & STONE "THE CASH STORE"

MARION, KENTUCKY

Public Sale.

We will, at the late residence of W. H. Mayes, deceased, on Tuesday, Nov. 13, 1906, offer for sale to the highest and best bidder at public outcry the following property to wit: Three horses, one male, log wagon, two threshing machine separators and lot of farming tools including plows, etc., one complete saw mill outfit including steam engine. Terms made known on day of sale.

Mrs. Bassie B. Mayes
Mrs. L. H. Mayes
Mrs. Minnie A. Givens

Vast Water-Powers.

To its coal supply, more than twice as great as the combined coal area of Great Britain, Germany and Pennsylvania, to its vast stores of oil and natural gas as supplementary sources of power and heat and the South with at least 3,000 available horse power of water power, the industrial and electrical trade is the power for the future. The development of these water power facilities will call for a large amount of industrial and domestic construction. The market for electrical power is bound to increase rapidly as the demand for electrical power increases. The market for electrical power is bound to increase rapidly as the demand for electrical power increases.

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DR. G. S. PRESTON vs. W. L. LEWIS, Vice President

Marion Milling Co.

Takes the lead when it comes to first-class Flour and don't you forget it. See!

YOU MUST TRY OUR
"ELK" Best Patent
"Crown" Straight Grade

WHY IMPORT OUR PRODUCT?

When you buy our flour you are buying the best flour.

SIGHT US!

We cannot be downed in price or quality, and then we know how to treat you, we show our customers every courtesy.

Yours for more trade,

The Marion Milling Company.



HEARTS and MASKS

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BOB'S MANILLO BY HAROLD MACGRATH
AUTHOR OF THE MAN ON THE BOX, ETC.

CHAPTER I.

It all depends upon the manner of your entrance to the Castle of Adventure. One does not have to scale its beetling parapets or assault its scarpes and frowning bastions; neither is one obliged to force with clamor and blare through trumpets and glittering gorgons the drawbridge and portcullis. Rather the pathway lies through one of those many little doors, obscure, yet easily accessible, hatches and bolt-holes, to which the average person gives no particular attention, and yet which invariably lead to the very heart of this Castle Detectable. The whimsical chateaux of this enchanted keep is aaby goddes. Circumspelion has no part in her affairs, nor caution, nor practicality; nor does her eye linger upon the dullard and the blunderer. Imagination solves the secret riddle, and wit is the guide that leads the seeker through the winding bewilder-ing labyrinths.

And there is something in being lost!

If I had not gone idly into Nou-gold's cellar for dinner that night, I should have missed the most engaging adventure that ever fell to my lot. It is second nature for me to be guided by impulse, rather than by reason; reason is always so squaretoed and impulsive is always so alluring. You will find that nearly all the great romances are and creatures of impulse; nothing brilliant is ever achieved by calculation. All this is not to say that I am a great captain; it is merely only to inform you that I am then impulsive.

A week, four days old, and if I had fallen open to it to pass the two dull minutes between my order of service of it, I shouldn't have made the acquaintance of the police in a pretty little suburb over in New Jersey; nor should I have met the charming Blue Domino, nor have written Kismet. The last never has any fun in this city; it has no surprises.

It was away from New York for a week, and had returned afternoon. Thus the spirit acquired by travel was still in me. It was nearly holiday week, congenial friends I might call upon to while away the time were either busily occupied sleeping or were out of town; and I determined not to go to the club or be bored by some indifferent billiards. I would dine quietly to some light music and then go to the theater. I was visiting old haunts again, when the old colonel half-jokingly addressed me, "I do not know why it is that I have a whole new contempt for the society columns of the daily papers in New York. Magdal, it seems, I do not belong."

I read this paragraph with a shiver, and with a smile. I was in some surprise at the inference that Magdal Highhulture was going to wed the Duke of Impulse. I had always been certain this girl was doing some sort of bad things. That Hyphen-Bonds was giving a face to him at the Waldorf prior to his departure to Europe interested me, but not to the least degree. It would be all the same to me if she were to come back. None of the wags were little better interested me in fact. There was only one little smile this paragraph that really caught me on Friday night, that is to say, the rest of my adventures in Hades. The Hunt Club was to give a charity benefit dance. This grasped my adventurous spirit by the throat and caused me to let go.

The atmosphere surrounding the paragraph was as spirituous with enchantment. There was a genuine mystery about this dance. Two packs of playing cards had been sent out as tickets, one pack to the ladies and one to the gentlemen. Charming idea, wasn't it? These cards were to be shown at the door, together with ten dollars, but were to be retained by the recipients till two o'clock (upper time) at which moment everybody was to unmash and take his partner, who held the corresponding card, in to supper. Its newness strongly appealed to me. I found myself reading the paragraph over and over.

My dove, what an inspiration! I knew the Berkshire Hunt Club, with its colonial architecture, its great hall room, its quaint fireplaces, its stables and sheds, and the fame of its chef. It was one of those great country clubs that keep open house the year round. It stood back from the sea about four miles and was within five miles of the village. There was a fine course inland, a cross-country going of not less than twenty miles, a shooting box, and excellent golf links. In the winter it was cozy, in the summer it was ideal.

I was intimately acquainted with the clubs M. F. H., Teddy Hamilton. We had done the Park Circuit run in my name in the summer before. If I hadn't known him so well I might still have been in Turance's life, next door to me, or so greatly insulted. I had frequently dined with him at the club during the summer, and he had offered to put me up, but as I knew no one there but him self, I explained the fact to Turance. "I hastened my leave of a hasty, and I was following him less and less. It is no pleasure

"Well, perhaps you caught me off my guard,"—humbly. "I am original. Did you ever before witness this performance in a public restaurant?"—making the cards juive.

"I can not say I have,"—amused. "Well, no more have I!"

"Why, then do you do it?"—with renewed interest.

"Shall I tell your fortune?"

"Not now. I had much rather you would tell me the meaning of this play."

I leaned toward her and whispered mysteriously: "The truth is, I belong to a secret society, and I was cutting the cards to see whether or not I should blow up the postoffice to-night or the police station. You mustn't tell anybody."

"Oh!" She started back from the table. "You do not look it," she added suddenly.

"I know it, appearances are so deceptive," said I sadly.

Then the old man laughed, and the girl laughed, and I laughed; and I wasn't quite sure that the grave waiter did not crack the ghost of a smile—in relief.

"And what, may I ask, was the fatal card?" inquired the old man, folding his paper.

"The ace of spades; we always choose that gloomy card in secret societies. There is something deadly and suggestive about it," I answered mordantly.

"Indeed."

"Yes. Ah, if only you knew the terrible life we lead, we who conspire! Every day brings forth some galling disappointment. We push a king off into the dark, and another rises immediately in his place. Futility, futility everywhere! If only there were some way of dynamiting habit and custom! I am a Russian; all my family are perishing in Siberian mines,"—dismally.

"Fudge!" said the girl.

"Tommy rot," said the amiable old gentleman.

"I note, his hair is too short for an anarchist."

"And his collar too immaculate." (So the old gentleman was this charming creature's uncle!)

"We are obliged to disguise ourselves at times," I explained. "The police are always meddling. It is disconcerting."

You have some purpose, humorous or serious," said the girl shrivelly.

"No man has an answer for that."

"I promise to tell you everything that happens; by telegraph."

"That's small comfort. Imagine receiving a telegram early in the morning, when a man's brain is without invention or coherency of thought! I would that you were back home with your father. I might sleep o' nights, then."

"I have no little amusement!"

"You work three hours a day and earn more in a week than your father and I do in a month. Yours is a very unhappy lot."

"I hate the smell of paints; I hate the studio."

"And I suppose you hate your fame?" acridly.

"Blah! that is my card to a living. The people I meet bore me."

"Not satisfied with common folks, eh? Must have kings and queens to talk to?"

"I only want to live abroad, and you

"I read the pack of cards, ripped off the covering, tossed aside the joker (though, really, I ought to have retained it) and began shuffling the shiny pasteboards. I dare say that those around me sat up and took notice. It was by no means a common sight to see a man gravely shuffling a pack of cards in a public restaurant. Nobody interfered, doubtless because nobody knew exactly what to do in the face of such an act, for which no adequate laws had been provided. A waiter stood serenely at the end of the table, scratching his chin thoughtfully, wondering whether he should report this peculiarity of constitution and susceptibility occasioning certain peculiarities or effect from impress of extraneous influences (vide Weltstein, synonymous with Idiotsyndrome and known as Idiosyncrasy). It was quite possible that I was the first man to establish such a precedent in Monsieur Monguin's restaurant. Thus, I aroused only passing curiosity.

From the corner of my eye I observed the old gentleman opposite. He was peering over the top of his paper, but I could see by the glitter in his eye that he was a confirmed player. I noted he was a confirmed player, but I was still in a drowsy state. I have to admit every one who saw me thought that scratchy was abroad again, or that She-look Holmes had entered me. What a load of bad information.

Finally I opened the pack, took a long breath and said, "I turned up the cards. It was the ten of hearts. I considered this the most propitious because it is a long suit in every game for love, love having not yet crossed my path. I put the card in my wallet and was about to toss the rest of the pack under the table when a woman's voice cut off my hand.

"Don't know them away. Tell my fortune host."

I looked up not a little surprised. It was the beautiful young girl who had spoken. She was leaning on her

elbow, her chin propped in her palms, and the light in her gray chatty eyes was wholly innocent and mischievous. In Monsieur Monguin's cellar people are rather Bohemian, not to say friendly; for it is the rendezvous of artistic literary men and journalists, a clan that holds formally in contempt.

"Tell you fortune?" I repeated, pertly.

"It's a fool idea," mumbled the old gentleman; "you will get into some trouble or other."

"That doesn't matter. It will be like a vacation,—a dash of old Rome, where I wish I were, at this very moment. I am determined."

"This is what comes of reading romance novels,"—with a kib of exultation.

"I admit there never was a particle

of romance on your side of the family," the girl retorted.

"Happily. There is peace in the house where I live."

"Do not argue with me."

"I am not arguing with you; I should be only wasting my time. I am simply warning you that you are about to commit a folly."

"Shall I tell your fortune?"

"Not now. I had much rather you would tell me the meaning of this play."

I leaned toward her and whispered mysteriously: "The truth is, I belong to a secret society, and I was cutting the cards to see whether or not I should blow up the postoffice to-night or the police station. You mustn't tell anybody."

"I have made up my mind."

"Ah! In that case I have hopes," he returned. "When a woman makes up her mind to do one thing, she generally does another. Why can't you put aside this fool idea and go to the opera with me?"

"I have seen Carmen in Paris, Rome, London and New York," she replied.

(Evidently a traveled young person.)

"Carmen is your favorite opera, besides."

"Not to-night,"—whimsically.

"Go, then; but please recollect that if anything serious comes of your folly, I did my best to prevent it. It's a scatter-brained idea, and no good will come of it, mark me."

"I can take care of myself,"—truculently.

"So I have often been forced to observe,"—dryly.

(I wondered what it was all about.) "But, uncle dear, I am becoming so dreadfully bored!"

"That sounds final," sighed the old man, helping himself to the haricots verts. (The girl ate positively nothing.) "But it seems odd that you can't go about your affairs after my own reasonable manner."

"I am only twenty."

The old man's shoulders rose and fell resignedly.

"No man has an answer for that."

"I promise to tell you everything that happens; by telegraph."

"That's small comfort. Imagine receiving a telegram early in the morning, when a man's brain is without invention or coherency of thought! I would that you were back home with your father. I might sleep o' nights, then."

"I have no little amusement!"

"You work three hours a day and earn more in a week than your father and I do in a month. Yours is a very unhappy lot."

"I hate the smell of paints; I hate the studio."

"And I suppose you hate your fame?" acridly.

"Blah! that is my card to a living. The people I meet bore me."

"Not satisfied with common folks, eh? Must have kings and queens to talk to?"

"I only want to live abroad, and you

"I have some purpose, humorous or serious," said the girl shrivelly.

"And I note, his hair is too short for an anarchist."

"And his collar too immaculate." (So the old gentleman was this charming creature's uncle!)

"We are obliged to disguise ourselves at times," I explained. "The police are always meddling. It is disconcerting."

"Perhaps I am a profligate in popular dime museum," I suggested, willing to let her out, and am doing a little advertising."

Now that has a plausible sound," she admitted, holding her hands under her chin. "It must be an interesting life. Presto-change! and all that."

Oh, I find it rather monotonous in the winter, but in the summer it is fine. Then I wander about the summer resorts and give exhibitions."

"You will pardon my niece," interpolated the old gentleman, coughing a bit nervously. "If she annoys you—"

"Uncle," reproachfully.

"I have forfeited!" I exclaimed eagerly. "There is a charm in doing unconventional things, and most people do not realize it, and are stupid."

"Thank you, sir," said the girl, smiling. She was evidently enjoying herself, so was I, for that matter. "Do a trick to me," she commanded presently.

I smiled weakly. I couldn't have done a trick with the cards, not if my life had depended upon it. But I rather neatly extricated myself from the trap.

"I never do any tricks out of business hours."

"Uncle, give the gentleman ten cents, I want to see him do a slight of hand trick."

Her uncle, readily entering into the spirit of the affair, dived into a pocket and produced the piece of silver. It looked as if I were caught.

"There it may make it worth your while," the girl said, shoving the coin in my direction.

But again I managed to slide under; I was not to be caught.

"It is my regret to say,"—frowning slightly, "that regularity in my business is everything. It wants half an hour for my turn to come on. If I tried a trick out of turn, I might foible and lose prestige. And besides, I depend so much upon the professor and his introductory note: 'Ladies and gents, permit me to introduce the world-renowned Signor Fantoccini, whose marvelous tricks have long puzzled all the crowned heads of Europe—'

"Fantoccini,"—musingly. "That's Italian for puppet show."

"I know it, but the dime museum visitors do not. It makes a fine impression."

She laughed and slid the dime back to her uncle.

"I'm afraid you are an impostor," she said.

"I'm afraid so, too," I confessed, laughing.

Then the comedy came to an end by the appearance of our separate orders. I threw aside the cards and proceeded to attack my dinner, for I was hungry. From time to time I caught vague fragments of conversation between the girl and her uncle.

"Frankly, I wish I might tell you. All I am at liberty to say is that I am about to set forth upon a desperate adventure, and I shall be very fortunate if I do not spend the night in the lockup."

"You do not look desperate."

"Oh, I can not desperation; it is only

the a-creature that is desperate."

"The ten of hearts?" Her amazement was not understandable.

"Yes, the ten of hearts; Cupid and all that."

She recovered her composure quickly.

"Then you will not blow up the postoffice to-night?"

"No," I replied, "not to-night."

"You have really and truly aroused my curiosity. Tell me, what does the ten of hearts mean to you?"

I gazed thoughtfully down at her. Had I truly mystified her? There was some doubt in my mind.

"Frankly, I wish I might tell you."

All I am at liberty to say is that I am about to set forth upon a desperate adventure, and I shall be very fortunate if I do not spend the night in the lockup."

"You do not look desperate."

"Oh, I can not desperation; it is only

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The Crittenden Press

S. M. JENKINS Editor and Publisher.

Entered as second-class matter, June 26th, 1898,
at the post office at Marion, Ky., under the Act of
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THURSDAY, NOV. 8, 1906

Crayneville Meeting.

The Annual Protracted meeting at Crayneville closed Saturday having been in progress nine days and nights. Rev. W. T. Oakley our pastor conducted it, and the result was certainly great.

Never was more interest displayed in a meeting, every one seemed anxious to point sinners to Christ. There were twenty-five converted and thirteen additions to the church.

The house was filled at every service and there was certainly good order.

Although we had a good meeting we are praying that the next one may be better. One who attended,

Should Meet Hearty Reception.

Kilroy & Britton's new play in which they will be seen at the Marion opera house Friday, November 16, styled "An Aristocratic Tramp" is from the pen of Lem Barker, author of "For Home and Honor," "A Quaker Wedding," "The Sinking City" and a dozen other new popular successes. "An Aristocratic Tramp" is far above the average tramp show in every respect and contains more features in one single act than all other so-called tramp shows in four. The scenic effects are gorgeously correct while the cast is made up of the very best dramatic talent New York affords. There are seven big specialty features in addition to the regular company, making the entire production second to nothing of this class traveling and their reception here should be a hearty one to say the least.

A Good Officer.

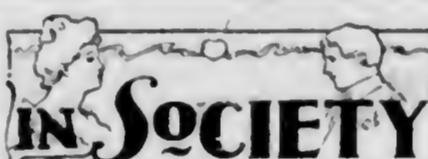
J. F. Flanary is making the country one of the best sheriffs it has ever had and in pressing the collection of taxes is only fulfilling the law and saving his friends the penalty which the law requires to be added the 15th. In October his collections were phenomenal, the sum of \$15,414.40 being collected. He has also remitted regularly to the state treasurer. On June 1st he paid the state \$124.05. July 1, \$597.90, August 1, \$761.90, September 1, \$2,130.30, October 1, \$1,522.05, November 1, \$7,993.80. Making total paid in to the state treasury by him on Crittenden county 1906 tax \$13,121.00. He is not done yet but aims to try to collect the money to settle with the state December 1st. This is indeed a good showing.

Marries in Texas.

The Press notes with much pleasure the marriage of F. J. Clement, a former Crittenden county boy who is now living in Texas. Mr. Clement is well and favorably known here and his many friends congratulate him.

The Gainesville, Texas, Daily Register gives the following account of the event:

F. J. Clement and Miss Gelemma Ayres, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ayres, of Edinburg, were united in marriage at Dallas last Wednesday, October 24, at Hughes' church. Rev. L. G. White, who formerly resided in Cook county, performed the ceremony that made this happy couple man and wife. Mr. Clement has been a resident of Cook county for many years and is now teaching school at Callisburg. He is well known throughout the county, having taught school in almost every section of the county. The bride is one of Cooke county's most charming young ladies and stands high among her associates. Miss Virgie Newton and Mr. E. N. Blackburn of this city, were present at the wedding. The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Clement wish them a long and happy married life.



Morning Luncheon For Miss Blue.

Mrs. R. L. Fulton Haynes gave a morning luncheon in honor of Miss Nannie Bous of St. Louis, last Saturday morning at nine o'clock at her beautiful home on College street. Those who graced the occasion with their presence were Messengers E. J. Hayward, W. O. Tucker, E. H. James, J. W. Wilson, H. H. Sayers, S. Guggenheim, G. P. Roberts, C. A. Moore, Emma Hayward, A. H. Carlton, O. M. James, J. L. Clement, Misses Kittie Gray, Baby James, Lilly Cook, Della Barnes, Frances Gray, Lizzie James, Blanche Haase and Leila Willborn. The favors were large bouquets of chrysanthemums. Refreshments were served in courses during the morning and to say they were elegant is superfluous, as the name of the hostess is synonymous with all that is choice and dainty in agair of this kind. She was assisted in receiving by her mother, Mrs. S. J. Tucker. This was the initial entertainment for the fall season which promises to be one of unusual gaiety in Marion and was in every way most delightful.

Approaching Marriage of Rev. Andres and Miss Ellis.

The following announcement was received in the city last week by the friends of Rev. Benjamin Andres. Mr. and Mrs. William Ellis will give in marriage their daughter, Jessie Cooper, to the Rev. Benjamin Andres, Thursday evening, November the fifteenth, one thousand, nine hundred and six at half after eight o'clock. Westminster Presbyterian church, Louisville, Kentucky. The honor of your presence is requested.

Mr. Andres has been here only a few months but is quite popular with everyone who knows him. His friends here are congratulating him on winning the heart and hand of one so

charming as his intended is reported to be by her acquaintances in this city.

Cossitt-Carleton Nuptials Today.

Dr. and Mrs. T. H. Cossitt have announced the marriage of their daughter, Miss Nell, to Mr. Virgil Carleton today (Thursday, November 1st) at high noon. The ceremony which will be a quiet one will be said at the family residence in the presence of the immediate family and a few friends. Rev. R. L. Love of Marion. Immediately after the ceremony dinner will be served to the bridal party by Mrs. J. L. Carlton, the bride's sister. At 1:27 the couple will leave for Christey, Indiana to visit the relatives of the groom for a few days after which they will return and keep house at the Cossitt residence while Dr. Cossitt and his wife are absent in Mexico with their sons, Peay and Frank.

Miss Cossitt is the last of a family of beautiful sisters and is a young woman of many charming traits of character, pure in mind, fair of face and of a graceful figure.

Mr. Carleton is the foreman at The Press office, where he has worked for the past two years. He came from Indiana and has formed the friendship and won the esteem of many of

our people since he took up his residence with us. The Press wishes him and his bonnie bride much-loved happiness in their married life.

A special meeting of the A. Y. M. C. A. Club was held last Thursday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. G. P. Roberts. There were a large attendance. Mrs. L. H. James, Mrs. Levi Cook and Mrs. Henry Rice and Mrs. Will C. Rice of Toluca, were elected members, the two latter at the request of Mrs. B. F. Haynes.

AN AGED LADY PASSED
AWAY LAST MONDAY

Mrs. Sarah Alvira Jackson Elder Departed this Life November 5th,
at 3 o'clock a.m.

Mrs. Sarah Alvira Jackson Elder, wife of Shalon Elder, died at their home three miles northeast of Marion on the Morganfield road Monday, Nov. 5th, 1906, at 3 o'clock.

She was born March 11th, 1833. She joined the Presbyterian church at this place when quite young. She was married Aug. 10th, 1859 and is survived by her husband and three children, Mary, who is married and lives in Atlanta, Ga., Rufus and Sophronia of this county.

The funeral and interment took place Tuesday afternoon at the old cemetery in this city, Rev. Benjamin Andres officiating.

Marriage License

Charlotte Mitchell to Miss Nannie Riley.

C. C. Belmont to Miss Minnie Thornton.

D. A. Dixon to Miss Eula Hardesty.

S. O. Tash to Miss Ada Metcalf.

Elbert E. Spakard to Miss Yoda M. Lowery.

Frank Singleton to Miss Eula Beet.

J. L. Wood to Miss N. Vanhoosier.

J. P. Nash to Miss Minnie Martin.

Deeds

V. D. Harris to A. J. Baker 15 acres of land on Piney creek \$50.

Mrs. Anna E. Lemon to A. J. Baker 1/4 acre Marion \$50.

R. D. Nesbit to T. H. Cossitt 1/4 acre in Crittenden Co.

Mrs. Clara Wheeler to J. L. H. 1/4 acre in Crittenden Co. \$244.75.

J. S. Vastal to A. H. McLean a tract of land on Piney \$200.

J. S. Salomon to C. E. Smith a tract of land in Crittenden Co. \$200.

A. G. Thomas et al to Mrs. A. D. Farley 1/4 acre of land on Piney \$200.

A. G. Thomas et al to B. W. Farley a tract of land on Piney \$200.

Harry Gill Here.

Harry Gill of Demopolis, Texas, the city last week to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Gill. He expects him shortly and is glad to be morally to get back to Kentucky for a few days.

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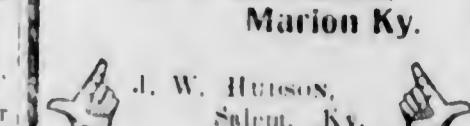
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Best by
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The Quality and Price
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PERSONALS

F. W. Nunn, dentist, Press Building

Mrs. Blue entertained the Naomis club last week in honor of Miss Nonie Blue, who has been her guest for several weeks.

Yes John, I must have some of that fancy china and glassware at Fols.

Miss Sophie Murphy, of the county, was the guest of E. T. Franklin and family last week and of Mrs. T. J. Waring on Thursday.

Mrs. C. G. Moreland, of Ford Ferry, was in the city Thursday and until Sunday the guest of her sister, Mrs. Fannie Jennings.

A new boy arrived at the home of Mrs. L. L. Fols last Wednesday morning, which Robert Gordon, the older brother says is a dandy.

For what I need at Fols, pencils, tablets, rulers, mittens, anything, don't be afraid to go to school.

Miss Marie Watkins, of Mayfield, who was the guest of Miss Kate Vandyke last week, left for her home Saturday afternoon.

Hugh McKee, of Repton, was here last Friday to get a collar for the little daughter of Vicki Crowell, which died the night before.

My game, which was removed on Halloween night by certain boys, (who are known,) is returned immediately, nothing further will be done about it. A. W. BLUE.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Stoton left Saturday for Clarksville, Tenn., to attend the bedside of his brother, who was reported quite ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Adams went to Grayson Saturday afternoon to visit his brother, Wm. Adams and to attend the meeting which is in progress there. They returned home Sunday afternoon.

LOST Watch and chain, Sunday somewhere in Marion. Hunting case gold, Elgin movement, gold top. Will pay for its return. GRAY ROCHESTER.

Alma Crowell, daughter of Vicki Crowell, who lives ten miles northeast of Marion, died Thursday night about 6 o'clock. She was 14 years old. The funeral and burial took place at the Crowell cemetery Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Miss Nonie Blue, who has been the guest of her brother, A. W. Blue, for several weeks, left Tuesday for Morganfield, where she will spend a week with relatives, after which she will return to her home in St. Louis.

F. W. Nunn, dentist, Press Building

Mrs. James Hughes left today for Sheridan to spend the week with friends. Mr. Hughes has work in that community and has been there several weeks.

Seldon Hughes, of The Press force, is in Evansville this week under the treatment of an eye specialist. His eyes have been giving him trouble for some time.

Miss Fannie Woods was in Evansville last week to consult a specialist as to her eyes. Her brother, Dave Woods, of Spring Grove, Union county, accompanied her.

The automobile race and explosion will be a startling scene effect in the play "An Aristocratic Tramp." Will be at the Marion opera house Friday evening November 16.

Fay Black, of Vevay, will leave this week for Denver, Colorado, where he goes on account of his health. He will engage in mining there, a business which he has been following here quite successfully.

Mr. Black has a brother in Denver and both of them have many friends here who with them much success and prosperity in their new home.

Wilson's Steam Laundry

MARION, KY.

Is a permanent fixture in Marion and is the best equipped laundry in the Evansville and Hopkinsville and turns out the very best of work. We add new machinery to our plant nearly every month and invite the people to call and see one of the best equipped laundries in Western Kentucky. We are especially prepared to wash

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We don't rub the spots in the goods with gasoline, but wash the garment and make it as good as new.

Give us a trial and we will convince you.

"No man loses any of his own light by kindling it in others." Dr. F. S. Stilwell, Dentist over Marion Bank.

If you have not paid your taxes for 1906 don't think hard of the officers who are compelled by the law to issue warrants for all tax unpaid one week from today.

Mrs. Edward F. Smith, of Tolu, was in the city Tuesday accompanied by Miss Emma Terry, who is teaching the Tolu school. We heard they came up to vote for they wouldn't tell who.

Edwin Cyclone Southers who was billed to appear here at the School Auditorium Friday night, Nov. 9th, has notified the management that on account of the illness of his mother, his Marion date is cancelled.

Don't forget the vaudeville acts in "An Aristocratic Tramp." Seven in number and they are all good ones. The attraction is booked for the Marion opera house Friday evening, November 16.

The breakage of a cog wheel about the size of a man's fist put the light company to considerable trouble and expense last week and following close on that the bursting of the water main necessitated the laying of a new main from the lake to the power house. Everything was put in first class shape in short order, but at an outlay of considerable money.

Will S. Hicklin has bought the entire livery stable outfit of Guess & Ordway Bros and they will retire from the livery business in Marion. Mr. Hicklin informs us that he has 18 head of stock, 3 drummer wagons, 7 double buggies, 8 single buggies, 5 surreys, 2 omnibuses and will put in automobiles as soon as Crittenden county has turn pikes and he intends to hold up the standard of the business. Marion has two of the best livery firms and equipments in the state barring none.

Layne & Leavel, the mule buyers, will be in Marion Monday, November 13—county court day.

Strayed.

Two red steers left my farm last May; crop off right and crop and half off left ear. One a deep red about 700 or over, the pale red one some larger, both a little stag-headed. Left at the same time but may have separated. Will pay reasonable for their return or information as to their whereabouts.

J. S. NEWCOM, Weston, Ky.

Layne & Leavel, the mule buyers, will be in Marion Monday, November 13—county court day.

Come good people and let me tell about the new dentist, Dr. Stilwell. He's a pretty good fellow and very frank.

His office is over the Marion Bank.

Now if your tooth is aching and you

have had to dance, Come right up and give him a chance. If he can't save it and it raises Cain, He will pull it without pain.

He fits your teeth with silver and gold,

And they hurt no more. I am told, He cleans them too, and such is his credo,

That all of his work is guaranteed.

Now my friends, if you don't believe what I say,

When your teeth need fixing come his way.

And when he's thru, you'll think it great

For he has the best office in this part of the state.

I see that you are now getting tired, And if the boss comes in I'll get fired. But there's one thing more, (it's on the quiet.)

When the bill comes due the price

will be right.

Yours,

"THE SAINT."

...NEW... BLACKSMITH FIRM

We have purchased the Jas. Gilbert Blacksmith shop and have opened for business under the firm name of

James & Lanham

We will add new and up-to-date tools and machinery and in addition to doing a general line of blacksmithing, will be prepared to repair Boilers, Engines, Pumps and other work not heretofore done in Marion. We have

An Expert Horse Shoer

in charge of that department.

We guarantee all work and solicit your business.

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W. R. LANHAM
MARTON, KENTUCKY

"It is difficult to grow old gracefully," without good teeth. Visit Dr. F. S. Stilwell, Dentist over Marion bank.

Miss Nellie Gray, of Salem, is the guest of Miss Verna Pickens.

Mrs. Carrie Thomas, of Jonesboro, Ark., is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. L. Travis.

Layne & Leavel, the mule buyers, will be in Marion Monday, November 13—county court day.

Rev. Benjamin Andres will preach next Sunday morning at the Presbyterian church at 11 o'clock and in the evening at 6:30.

Richard E. Pickens, of McLeansboro, Ill., is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Pickens. Mr. Pickens is the manager of one of Stinson Bros. department stores.

"Most of us would rather do a lot regulation abroad than practice a little righteousness at home." Cleanliness is next to Godliness. Therefore care for your teeth. Dr. F. S. Stilwell, Dentist over Marion Bank.

There will be a temperance meeting at the court house in Marion, Thursday, Nov. 15th, 1906, at 1 o'clock p. m. The friends of temperance from every part of the country are earnestly solicited to be present.

Dr. R. J. Morris, of Evansville, was the guest of his friends here Sunday. He was accompanied by Mrs. Morris. They were entertained at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Levi Cook at their home on South Main street and at tea by Henry Haynes at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Haynes. They returned to Evansville Sunday night.

The happiest man in Marion is James Seth Henry. He arrived in Marion from Evansville Monday afternoon with his wife who has been there in St. Mary's Sanitarium under the treatment of Dr. P. Y. McCoy, who successfully operated on her for appendicitis. Mrs. Henry is now on the high road to recovery and will ere long, be restored to her wonted health and strength, hence Jim Seth's superabundance of joy.

Reception for New Pastor.

The West Broadway Methodist church, between Twenty-first and Twenty-second streets, will be the scene of a reception tonight at eight o'clock in honor of the new pastor, the Rev. J. R. McAfee. The public is invited.—Louisville Herald, November 2.

Nelle Walker, Stenographer and Notary Public....

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Forget Baby is restless, can't sleep at night, won't eat, cries spasmodically. A bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge never fails to cure. Every mother should give her baby White's Cream Vermifuge. So many times when the baby is pale and fretful, the mother does not know what to do. A bottle of this medicine would bring color to his cheeks and laughter to his eyes. Give it a trial. Sold by Woods & Orme Drugstore.

—By—
Rev. J. F. Price

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS' TRAINING CLASS

LESSON XLVIII.

We have the lesson for December 16 in this week's readings. Jesus Risen From the Dead

DAILY MANNA

Sunday, Nov. 11. Accelerating their death. Jn. 19:32-37.

Monday, Nov. 12.—Joseph requests Christ's body. Mt. 28:57, 58
Mt. 15:42, 43 Lk. 23:50-52 Jn. 10:38 abc.

Tuesday, Nov. 13.—Pilate's investigation and consent. Mt. 27:58-1
Mt. 15:44, 45, 52, 53 Jn. 10:38 d.

Wednesday, Nov. 14.—The burial. Mt. 27:59, 60, Mk. 15:46, Lk. 23
53, 54 Jn. 10:38-44.

Thursday, Nov. 15.—The women watching, they prepare spices. Mt.
27:61, Mk. 15:47, Lk. 23:55-56

Friday, Nov. 16.—The sepulchre sealed. Mt. 27:62-66

Saturday, Nov. 17.—The resurrection. Mt. 28:24

HELPS TO STUDY.

According to the Jews, request the Roman soldiers break the legs of those who were crucified with Jesus. When they came to Jesus they found that he was already dead, but one of the soldiers thrust his spear into his side although they break not his bones. John refers to his own testimony in this case. He gives this as an instance of the fulfillment of the two prophecies. Ps. 34:20 Zech. 12:10.

At eventide Joseph of Arimathea, a secret disciple of Jesus, came and begged the body of Jesus. Pilate marvelled at his dying so soon and inquired of the centurion if it was really true. When the centurion had reported in the affirmative Pilate granted permission to Joseph to take possession of the body. The body was taken down from the cross by Joseph and Nicodemus, properly prepared and laid in Joseph's new tomb. There were faithful women who were faithful women who were watching and who were watching and who afterward prepared spices to complete the anointing.

The Jewish rulers were doggedly determined that Christ's body should not get out of that tomb. They had succeeded in crucifying him and had his body buried and now they want to make sure of their victory. They ask of Pilate that the sepulchre be made sure. He gave them the authority to use all the powers possible to make it sure. They had the entrance to the sepulchre securely blocked by rolling a great stone into the entrance. Then they placed upon that stone and the edge of the sepulchre the great Roman seal. To break that seal without authority was to Rome what going on the stars and stripes is to us. Then they placed a strong guard in front of the sepulchre to see that the body was not taken. Surely from a human standpoint, they made it safe. But the stones of the everlasting hills and the seals and bags of all earthly empires, and the glittering nooks of mighty battlements could not enchain the son of God in the silent confines of the sepulchre. Just as there is in that little seed that life force that bursts asunder rocks and rocks and soil and forces its way upward to the sunlight, so there was resident in the body of Christ that eternal life that must burst asunder all barriers and rise triumphant in eternal life.

Jesus had lain in the grave a part of two days and one whole day—Friday afternoon, Saturday all day and part of Sunday. He had repeatedly foretold that he should rise on the third day. It was the custom of the Jews to count the parts of each day as a whole day. It is so in the old testament, in the Talmud, in Josephus and in the Assyrian tablets.

Nothing is known of the method or manner of the resurrection. It was one of the inscrutable works of God, hidden from mortal eyes. It was accompanied by a great earthquake. An angel whose countenance was like lightning and whose raiment was as white as snow, came and rolled away the stone from the sepulchre. This was to show that it was an act of divine power and that the angel might be there to explain the resurrection to them and not because Christ needed the assistance.

The guard of Roman soldiers was greatly frightened and became as dead men. Doubtless they soon escaped from the scene and reported the wonderful occurrence. They do not seem to have been at the tomb when any of the women came, for there seems to have been no one but the angel present to explain the situation. The presence of such a divine messenger would overawe the guards and show that Jesus rose and was not stolen from the tomb by human power, as they afterward reported.

In the stories of the different evangelists in regard to the women coming to the tomb there are number of variations and some seeming contradictions. But all can be put together in a perfectly reasonable manner and thus show that there is no real contradiction. These apparent discrepancies, we must remember, is true of all independent histories of an event seen by different observers from different standpoints and is a proof of the reliability of the story. If all had exactly agreed upon all points and in a certain order it would have been proof of collusion.

These women doubtless started from different parts of the city. It seems that Mary, the mother of James (Mk. 16:1) and Salome, wife of Zebedee, and Joanna, Herod's steward (Lk. 24:10), with possibly the women from Golilee (Mt. 27:55) all got together. It seems that Mary Magdalene was alone and first at the sepulchre. She was sadly disappointed when she did not find Christ's body in the tomb. She then rushed back to the disciples to tell them the glad news. She returned by another way or street than the one by which the other women came, hence she did not meet them. She went on and told Peter and John about the resurrection of Jesus. The other women went on and had their experience at the tomb.

PROOFS OF THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

The Rev. Lyman Abbott says that the resurrection of Christ is the best attested fact of history. Let's look at the witnesses.

1. There is the angel's testimony.
2. The testimony of Mary Magdalene.
3. The testimony of the other women.
4. The testimony of the Roman guard.
5. The testimony of the apostles.
6. The testimony of Peter.
7. The testimony of James.
8. The testimony of the two disciples on the way to Emmaus.
9. The testimony of the 500.
10. The testimony of Paul.

These are the personal witnesses here in this world to say nothing of the visions of the risen Savior by Stephen and John on the Isle of Patmos.

All theories that have sought to set aside the resurrection of Christ have proven failures. To suppose that the apostles told a lie as did the Sadducees (Mt. 28:13) is a moral impossibility, to suppose that the resurrection was a mere reviving from a swoon is a physical impossibility, that the appearances were mere visions or ecstasies is a psychological impossibility. Theories, visions, etc. do not revolutionize the world.

Dragging Down Pains

are a symptom of the most serious trouble which can attack a woman, viz: falling of the womb. With this, generally, comes irregular and painful periods, weakening drains, headache, nervousness, dizziness, inability to sleep, etc. The cure is

WINE OF Cardui

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that wonderful, curative, vegetable extract, which exerts such a marvelous, strengthening influence on all female organs. Cardui relieves pain and regulates the menses. It is a sure and permanent cure for all female complaints.

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In my womb and ovaries," writes Mrs. Naomi Baker, of Webster Grove, Mo., "also in my right and left sides, and my menses were very painful and irregular. Since taking Cardui I feel like a new woman and do not suffer as I did. It is the best medicine I ever took."

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"Hearts and Masks" is a delicious detective story — a mystery, a robbery, an unmasking and all, but yet with this plot — bright, unending, witty dialogue that keeps the mind on the alert continually." — *Boston Journal*

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This story will appear serially in this paper, and you will like it. Watch for the opening chapters of this remarkable mystery of the ten of hearts.

The Autumn Leaf.

BY G. O. W.

There is written on the leaf, a message of two words, death and doom, but around the words a word of every may gather long series of pictures, visions of things past and present, old parts and pleasures, forgotten and things present. This is one of a series that come at the years of life from infancy to age. Together they form a solid volume, far more won and than the eddying leaves. For they are mystic prophecies, predictions written by the great all-seers.

As we look out upon the world, the world is still fresh and full of sap and vitality.

A well covered with dew drops and shine on the grass in the morning light. The hillside is with autumn wild flowers, is dark and patched with yellow and white. A red bough bears itself forth from the wood, borders the fire of vivid growth that crackles through low-lying bushes. In the windless air comes down the tinted leaf. The summer is ended, and perchance our soul is not saved.

Thus comes the grave and disturbing thought of opportunity that has not been seized. It beckons to us out of the cloud, trilled to us on the wing; but we were too blind, too obtuse to discern its sign. The mystic days passed us by, hingeringly, each making signs and giving glances of encouragement, but we were dull, stuped, asleep. All the splendors of the universe were unfolded. The nights were regal with suggestions and electric messages. The stars burned over our heads with great meanings. The moon rose calm and majestic, revealing a new earth, a new heaven. Still we saw only the old, dull routine, the hard trodden path filled with gray stumbling stones from which we have learned nothing; and now the wind sighs over the losses of our soldier-minds, and the crimson and golden leaf brings its stern and solemn message.

Through the leaves of the years of our life form a series, still there are subtle differences. The next

one will not be the same as this. Can we ever regain what we have lost? can we ever make up for the ground that has slipped from beneath our feet? If we have grown worldly, careless of high things, this year, shall we not be more so the next fall the leaf? How are we to get back the lost in intuitions as to spiritual things, the lost sensitiveness that made us alive to God's messages quick to feel all beautiful and true suggestions eager to grow to higher ideals and nobler purposes? What loss can compare with the sudden slipping back from the high path of the climber and the aspirer to low damp valleys of life where the mountain tops are no longer seen, those summits where angels walk and God speaks to them that love him?

Through the fall of the leaf may seem a simple thing, obedient to a law of nature, carrying no implications of remorse or sadness, still it has its solemn and admonitory side. The beauty of life, the flood of sunlight that gilds it, cannot hide the writhing, death and decay. To meet surely, courageously we must oppose some sign of growth, some symbol of new acquisition on the spiritual side to its concealed cynicism and tinted, tragic charm for death can only be overcome by life. If we determine not to succumb to the law of change, to oppose to the dead branch a new shoot, to garner from the great abounding stores of vitality that lie open to the soul, then shall death be swallowed up in victory.

Life should be to us the great opportunity. We believe we shall go into the other state as we leave this, not blossoming immediately into an angel but remaining essentially human. Is there progress there? We hope devoutly there is, but we do not know. Suppose there is not, that we are to remain as we arrive, neither better nor worse. The thought has an awful implication, that of a fixed and changeless state. Supreme bliss would not satisfy our restless souls on those conditions. Now we must advance, expand and grow. A bud that forever remains a bud is a pitiful kind of annihilation. The aspiration is far more life and richer. But are we worthy of it if we neglect the great, good chances of this life for the growth of a noble

being.

The immortal hope is the weapon wherewith we over come the sadness of the autumn leaf. Its meaning may differ in each heart. To some it means reunion with friends and kindred, to others the face of God, to others still the presence of the Master to some enfeebled energy and savor, but to all in some form growth. Let us be sure we do not stultify and dwarf our spiritual sense before the message of the autumn leaf is fulfilled and it drops down upon a grave.

It Costs Nothing

To find out for a certainty whether or not your heart is affected. One person in four has a weak heart; it may be you. If so, you should know it now, and save serious consequences. If you have short breath, fluttering, palpitation, hungry spells, hot flushes; if you cannot lie on left side; if you have fainting or smothering spells, pain around heart, in side and arms, your heart is weak, and perhaps diseased. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure will relieve you. Try a bottle, and see how quickly your condition will improve.

"About a year ago I wrote to the Miles Medical Co. asking advice, as I was suffering with heart trouble, and had been for two years. I lay in my heart, back and left side, and had not been able to draw a deep breath for two years. Any little exertion would cause palpitation, and I could not lie on my left side without suffering. They advised me to try Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and Nerveine, which I did with the result that I am in better health than I ever was before, and have not had any trouble since. I am now stronger and more energetic taking it. I took about fifteen bottles of the two medicines, and haven't been bothered with my heart since." — MRS. JULIA E. THOMAS, Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. If it fails he will refund your money.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Layne & Leavel, the mule buyers, will be in Marion Monday, November 12 — county court day.

THE CRAFTSMAN.

I'm glad I'm not a specialist, Of occupation small. I like to take a grown man's work And then to do it all. When there's a job that must be done I hold it doesn't pay To hire twenty men when one Could do it in a day.

I like the old time system best, When each man knew his trade From A to Z and was judged By what he wrought or made. This world is getting too complex, And specialized, my brother. And every man's dependent on This, that one, and another.

You take a simple pair of shoes One man can't make the whole — One makes the uppers, one the vamp. Another one the side.

For each one is a specialist. But if his job he lose, Not one of 'em could make himself A decent pair of shoes.

And there's the doctors — call em in To see an ailing man. They piece him out and doctor him On the installment plan.

The one that treats him for his nerves No other job will take. He'd let him die before he'd treat A simple stomach ache.

The world's work may be quicker done By "specializing" so.

But is it better done? now that Is what I'd like to know.

I like the man who knows his craft, The modern workman, he Takes little pride in craft, it seems Or spells it with "ig."

I'll stick it out the way I learned And do my work complete, Whatever happens I propose To stand upon my feet.

And when at last my work is done, And to my grave I'm laid, Just carve upon the tomb: "Here lies a man who knew his trade."

—T. K. H. in Everbest

Author of Popular Nursery Rhyme. The familiar nursery rhyme, "Mary Had a Little Lamb," was written by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale.

Layne & Leavel, the mule buyers, will be in Marion Monday, November 12 — county court day.

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

has stood the test 25 years. Average Annual Sales over One and a Half Million bottles. Does this record of merit appeal to you? No Cure, No Pay. 50c. Enclosed with every bottle is a Ten Cent package of Grove's Black Root Liver Pill.

Always Remember the Full Name **Laxative Bromo Quinine** Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in Two.

E. Kilroe on Box. 25c.

The Old Hickory Distilling Co.

MOVED UP TOWN. — On account of the city council refusing to grant us new quart license at the distillery, we were compelled to buy out a place up town or let our friends and patrons go without Old Hickory which is known to be the best, purest and cheapest in Marion. Nobody else in town has our Old Hickory. Call and see us. We have a full line of Whiskey, Wines, Beer and Cigars. Prices on Old Hickory same as at the quart house.

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Commerce And The South.

Following the line of least resistance," the "down-hill haul to the sea," the ever growing commerce of the country is more and more seeking an outlet through Southern ports.

Our foreign commerce, now \$3,000,000,000 a year, will double and quadruple, as will our coastwise trade, but the number of our ports can be very slightly increased even if a million should be expended. Nature has fixed the location of our available ports and forever set the limit upon their number. As commerce expands, Southern ports must grow in opulence and population.

Great financial centers must naturally follow, and the vast commerce, of which we have seen only the beginning, which will soon flow through the South, will be a mighty factor in the building of railroads, the growth of cities, the immigration of people from other countries and other sections. There are few countries on earth which have such a geographical relation to the centers of productive energies on the one side and the world's commerce on the other as the South. The human mind cannot fully grasp the wonders of the coming years in this Heaven-favored section. —Manufacturers' Record, Baltimore.

Has Stood the Test 25 Years.

The old original Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. You know what you are taking. It is iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure No pay. 50c.

Have you tried the new Cream Crisp breakfast food. A ten cent package and better than many of the fifteen cent sellers. Morris & Yates.

HARPER WHISKY
A Delightful Beverage
A Safe Stimulant
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PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Never Causes Headache, Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
After using it, hair feels strong, smooth and glossy.

Fall Business is Good!



This \$18.50 Suit for \$15.

We expect to do More Business, give Better Goods at Less Prices than any other Store

:: We Have Them in the House ::
For Less Money and will Sell them for Less Profit

This is a Cash Store!

Don't expect to buy without money, we don't do business that way—We don't ask others to do that way.

The Biggest Assortment of everything to wear is what we have to Sell.

Men's Suits \$2.75 to \$35.00
Men's Over Coats, \$2 to \$35.00
Knee Suits, \$1 to \$5.00

All the up-to-date Last in Men and Women's Shoes from \$1.50 to \$5.00

From the Factory, not Eastern made.

Domestic lower than any of them
The highest grade Millinery

FOLLOW THE CROWD TO

SAM HOWERTON,
KELSEY - - - KENTUCKY



This Black \$20.00 Over-coat for \$15.00

DYCESBURG.

There are weddings and rumors of weddings.

It is announced that Miss Ida Lou Ramage and Mr. Z. C. Graham will be married in Marion, Nov. 7 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Ramage. Miss Ramage is one of Dyceburg's loveliest young ladies and the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ramage. Mr. Graham is a young business man of Paducah son of Mr. Graham, the tobaccoeionist who bought tobacco at this point last year and it was during the tobacco season that the romance of these young people began. It goes without saying that a host of friends extend congratulations.

Chas. Smith, president of the Dyceburg bank, but who resides at Tiline, was in town Saturday.

Miss Ada Dyens has been the guest of Mrs. Robt. Robertson and Mrs. Sallie Boaz the past week.

Mrs. Lucie Yeats and Miss Ida Lou Ramage went to Kelsey Saturday.

Henry Wells is having the rooms of his residence on Main street handsomely painted and papered by Cleve Martin.

Mrs. Sue W. Barnes is visiting her brother, Geo. T. Garrett, of Mexico.

Mrs. Lucy Yeats visited her daughter, Mrs. Hattie Loyd, of Princeton, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Brissey spent Sunday with the family of Chas. Smith, of Tylene.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Miles, of Kelsey, were in town Sunday.

Owan Boaz, of Salem, was here last week.

W. O. Wicker, of Mexico, was in town Saturday on business.

Robt. Robinson, of Frances, was in town recently.

Miss Ida Griffin, who has been attending school at St. Vincent, returned home Sunday.

Misses Gastyne and Roberta Clifton were pleasant callers in town Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. Parish, of Frances, was the guest of Mrs. J. R. Glass one day last week.

Camby Clifton, of Kuttawa, visited his parents near here Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. Bennett, of Livingston county, was the guest of Mrs. J. C. Bennett, of this place, Saturday and Sunday.

Messrs. James Lowery and Hoz Simmon are quite sick.

SALEM.

Fine weather.

Eighty per cent. of the corn crop

is safe in the crib.

Tobacco is about all sold.

Our part of the country has been full of mining men the past week.

Miss Clarie Hodge and Miss May Travis, of Emmaus, were pleasant callers last week.

David Wolford, wife and daughter, of Salem, were visiting in our section last Sunday.

Our old friend J. D. Hall, of Salem, is giving boxing lessons in our section. Jim is an expert.

Ruben Wheeler is slowly improving.

John Pace has bought the Coram farm and will move to it this week.

Our friend, E. L. Waddell, has sold his farm and will move near Craneyville. This section losses a good citizen.

Jim Parr will move next week from Repton to near Tyner's Chapel.

STARR.

The scarlet fever scare is over and our school is in progress again.

Prof. Terry, of Lone Star, made a rush through this part Friday accompanied by Prof. Woodson.

The protracted meeting is in progress at Piney creek this week.

Mrs. Mary Hughes, of near Marion, visited Mrs. Mollie McNeely Saturday.

Mrs. J. A. McNeely is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Rhoda Beavers, of Fredonia.

Some of our farmers are burning tobacco beds.

Some little wheat has been sown in this section.

Pleasant Hill Baptist church will be dedicated next Sunday. Rev. J. L. Paris will preach the dedication sermon.

H. S. F. Crider is expecting to be assigned to a rural mail route some time soon.

J. M. Andrews and family have returned from Washington.

A man by the name of J. B. Creekmur, who, we suppose is from Caldwell county, is circulating over this community. Look out, you will hear of a wedding soon for certain.

Dr. O. C. Cook, of Crayneville, made a professional call in this part Sunday.

Several from the Flat Rock country attended church at Piney creek Sunday.

Rev. H. C. Hopewell, of Sturgis, is expected to assist in the meeting at Piney creek.

The measles scare is about over.

The corn yield is a little short of expectations in this locality.

DEAN SCHOOL HOUSE.

Mr. John Robertson, of Carbro, Ark. paid our community a short visit last week.

Presley Adamson and wife, of Crider, were guests at A. and J. E. Dean's recently.

Marion Davidson was in our midst last week taking the tax list.

R. L. Drury is building an addition to his residence.

Rev. Andres is preaching an interesting series of sermons at Forest Grove. The services have already resulted in three additions to the church.

Noah Bell will soon occupy Geo. Robertson's new residence.

Geo. Robertson has recently bought the Lee Ford property and Mr. Harriges will occupy the residence located thereon.

Mrs. Vaughn will start next Tuesday for a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Rufus Witherspoon, of Emporia, Kan.

BELLEVILLE BEND.

Owing to the scarcity of a congregation, prayer meeting was discontinued at Hoods Sunday.

Several from here were in Marion Wednesday.

H. J. McDowell and daughter, Miss Susa, went to Providence Monday.

Bert Wood and Kelley and Welley Simpson attended church at Pleasant Valley Sunday night.

Leannah Wood, who has been confined to his bed for the past five weeks, is able to be about again.

Mr. and Mrs. Lounie Brown are the proud parents of a little daughter.

The Belleville Bend team, assisted by the Iron Hilt team, crossed bats with Providence Saturday, and the Crittenden boys were victorious.

Bro. J. W. Tolley is assisting in a meeting at his church, Pleasant Valley in Webster county.

Miss Margaret Wood returned Monday from a few days visit to Misses Bessie and Hattie Brown at Iron Hill.

Mrs. S. D. Asher, who has been with her mother for the past week, has returned home. Mrs. Towery is thought to be improving.

Madam Rumor tells of a wedding in the near future of one of our principal citizens.

IRON HILL.

The measles scare is about over.

The corn yield is a little short of expectations in this locality.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lamb, of Fish Trap, were guests at his mother's in this vicinity last Sunday.

Marion McConnell and Eldon Critter of Marion, spent several days in these "diggings" last week.

Bro. W. J. Hill and wife, of Thoreau, were visitors in this vicinity Friday.

There was an old time spelling match at Lamb's school house last Friday night.

Miss Rosa Walker is still critically ill with typhoid fever.

Coleman Woody, of the Mattoon section, is spending a few days with relatives in this community.

Mr. and Mrs. John Walters, of Critter, were visitors at H. R. Stenbridge's last week.

Martin Sutton and wife visited relatives at Crayneville last week.

Joe Doyce, who has been the only colored citizen of this place for several years, has moved to Providence.

SHADY GROVE.

S. C. Towery went to Providence Monday.

Wm. Todd and Charlie Marine were here Monday on business.

John L. Wood went to Providence Tuesday.

H. J. McDowell went to Providence Wednesday.

Dan J. McDaniel and Charlie Fartherhock went to Lismore Thursday.

John L. Woods went to Piney Thursday.

Jack Boyd and Willie Tolar went to Clay Friday.

W. L. McCarthy, of Blackford, was here Friday.

John R. McDowell went to Tribune Friday.

R. L. McDaniel went to Iron Hill Friday.

Sanford Brown went to Marion Saturday.

A. L. Colman went to Marion Saturday.

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LILY DALE.

We are all enjoying splendid health and the beautiful weather.

Mrs. Vernon Oakley has been with her sister, Mrs. Jas. Loyd, this week out for the meeting.

We have each and all received many blessings from the meeting.

Misses Sallie Under and Emma Adams were here last week.

Miss Mamie Henry spent Friday night Miss Mabelle Minner, who is teaching our school. Miss Henry is teaching the Crayneville school.

Uncle Bill Loyd has built a hen house and is going into the poultry business. He has been married three times in the past forty six years and this is his first home. He is ahead. Uncle Bill, you are progressing.

What a nice school we have. Nearly all the pupils are Christians. We have heard our teacher say this is the best neighborhood and finest pupils she ever saw.

Corn gathering and getting up winter wood are the orders of the day.

One of our bright promising young men, Herbert Ordway, was ordained deacon of the Crayneville church Thursday night. He was also clerk. He deserves much praise. He is just seventeen years old.

Mr. Moore is at home now. He has been in Paducah for some time.

Little Ordway and Jim Moore of Marion have been over to see their uncle, Abe Dore.

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